

ON CONSIDERING THE RESPECTIVE PUBLICATIONS OF

MR. W I N G,

A N D

MR. M A X W E L L,

FOR AND AGAINST

The NECESSITY of laying a new Tax
ON THE ESTATES OF THE

NORTH LEVEL PROPRIETORS.

AS Noah of old prepar'd for the flood,
To save men and cattle from ruin;
So patriarch WING, contriving our good,
To keep us all dry would be doing:

"Repair well your banks, for safety provide—
 "No wisdom in sparing the pence—
 "Bid revenue rise to oppose the fell tide!
 "And follow the dictates of sense."

Thus REASON and WING to the public appeal,
Dispassionate urging their cause,
Convincing all minds that fair Reason can feel,
And having from Wisdom applause.

Yet M—x—LL opposes, who fame to obtain,
As a WISE ONE, a WIT and a Rod,
Writes, prints and distributes, in TROUBLE and
PAIN*
Wags a LEG, plumes a WING, gives a Nod!

Thus with hints without argument, puns without sense,
Abuse, where no proof he can bring,
He bespatters his page until full of offence,
Then throws it in ENVY at WING!

But the scribbler writes heedless what waters break loose,
The element's useful to him ;
For 'tis plain from his writing this M—x—ll's a Goose,
And we know the dull creatures can swim !

Peterborough, 4, Feb.

VERITAS.

* Vid. "Additional Reasons," where the author attempts a ridiculous Anagrammatical wit, here literally copied and imitatively applied.

TO MR. GEORGE MAXWELL.

SIR,

I Am very glad to find myself for once in respectable company, for tho' the Printer of the Cambridge Paper has happily enough indeed placed us on *different Sides*, I am yet close upon *your skirts*: properly speaking I may be said to be **ON YOUR BACK*** (Sure Punning is catching!) To be a little Serious. You are pleased to call me *Vagrant*: thank you Mr. Maxwell for not calling me your **ASSOCIATE**. All this rant not being at all applicable to me I can only laugh at your ridiculous abuse! I wish to set you right about the Agent you allude to. My Letter to the Printer at Cambridge never passed thro' his hands—I correspond immediately with the Editor of that Paper, and we understand one anothers sentiments about the North Level business pretty well. The Paper was always as open to me as to you. **VERITAS** was inserted upon my first application, and I here declare myself the author of that composition. It contains more truth than poetry as well as its companion now printed with it—These and several more of the kind, I have written for my own amusement. If any thing I can say, can benefit so important and so good a cause, as that which Mr. Wing (from the best motives) has undertaken to promote, I shall rejoice, though you wont Mr. Maxwell. Enquiries after Truth not being a favourite pursuit with you, I do not, nor ever did expect you would publicly contradict the facts I have stated in the Cambridge Paper. But for your own sake, and considering it merely as a point of convenience, I wonder you should talk of holding a *Levee*, or of establishing an office of correspondence at **FLETON**, to dispense your intelligence, and instructions for the Good of the Level; for, should all the **THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PROPRIETORS** wait upon, or apply to you at once for a portion of your *New light* to illustrate the Intricacies you have thrown out; I am apprehensive, they would puzzle you so with Statements and Queries, that you would be under the necessity, like other ministers of state, of turning numbers away dissatisfied, and be in the practice of constantly promising more than you are able to perform.

Peterborough, 14th February.

* See Cambridge Paper of this Day 14, Feb. 1789.

MR. WING'S

DECLINING TO TAKE FURTHER NOTICE
OF THE
VARIOUS ILLIBERAL PUBLICATIONS
OF HIS OPPONENT.

ASK ye why WING has lain the pen aside,
And smiles in silence at impotent Pride?
At Envy smiles! and all the shafts she brings,
Which Malice sharpens, and which M****ll flings;
Laughs out at E****ds, and his *dull reports**
(The modern Tully of our petty courts,)
Thus Reason answers for the man she loves,
Whose page she brightens, and whose soul she moves.
"My son desisting follows still my rules,
"'Tis I forbid contending on with fools;
"My maxims guiding as they first did guide,
"From vulgar Folly still to step aside;
"From low abuse—from Slander's hated path,
"*Where creeps the vengeance of a Coward's wrath;*
"From shallow wit, the empty Coxcomb's pride,
"The Pedant's trick, false argument to hide;
"From Puns—Conundrums—Folly's tinsel train,
"Mere glittering vapour of a sickly brain!
"These e'er proscrib'd my WING's more classic page,
"So now *despis'd*, he *spurns* their idle rage!
"A Country's good, his motive, wish, and aim,
"For this he strives, and seeks an honest fame:
"And tho' around his weak opponents roll,
"The black'ning vapour of Detraction foul,
"Above it lives unhurt, his finer sense,
"That prudent stoops not to the rank offence."

Thus in Pozzuoli's dusky cave you'll trace
The misty poison of the Canine race;
Low o'er the Ground, the stifling death is spread,
On noxious air thro' secret channels fed,
Too gross to rise, beneath the mischief shoots,
To MAN still harmless, fatal but to *Brutes*. †

Peterborough, 13th January.

VERITAS.

* See this gentleman's printed letter to Mr. Chambers in which the periods are so framed as to impress the reader with a notion the author's IDEAS have had a CROSS BIRTH, and in consequence of this DIFFICULT LABOUR, some part of the subject is continually left behind.

† At Pozzuoli in Italy is a cave in which arises a heavy vapour, found by experiment not to ascend more than a foot above the ground, fatal to quadrupeds and especially dogs, but apparently not the least obnoxious to travellers who visit the cavern. The reason is evident, animals that from their form carry their heads in or close to the vapour suffer from it. If a Man stoops to it 'tis his OWN FAULT.

J. HARTLEY.